

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"

H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. JOSEPH EISELY, Editor.

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Removal. DR. JOHN W. PEAL. RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Sunbury and its vicinity.

NEW CARPETINGS. THE subscribers have received, and are now opening a splendid assortment of the following goods.

UMBRELLAS & PARASOLS, CHEAP FOR CASH. J. W. SWAIN'S Umbrella and Parasol Manufactory.

SHUGERT'S PATENT WASHING MACHINE. THIS Machine has now been tested by more than thirty families in this neighborhood.

HERR'S HOTEL, (formerly Tremont House, No. 116 Chestnut street.) Philadelphia, September 21st, 1844.

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SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JAYBROOK.

By Masser & Eiseley. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Jan. 3, 1846. Vol. 6--No. 15--Whole No. 275.

From the New York Weekly Times. A FEARFUL TALE OF A TREE.

BY THADDEUS W. MIGHAN. The tale of the 'growing tree,' (with which every body who reads at all is perfectly familiar.) is not more remarkable than the one we are about to relate.

Near the village of White Plains, and within a mile of the battle ground, stands a peculiar looking remnant of what was at one time, a very singular oak tree. It stood, like a giant, alone, in a clear enclosure used for pasturage.

In this manner it grew, the 'crotch' closing up as the trunk expanded, and securing the intruder. The other branches grew straight and strong—four of them indicating the points of the compass, and bearing foliage, which, unusually plentiful, formed a beautiful shelter.

A short time previous to the battle of White Plains, the British soldiery were accustomed to scour the country daily for whatever good fortune they might cast in their way. They plundered the houses of all the valuables they contained, stripped the larders, desolated the hen-roosts, drove off the tenants of the stables, and left the country thereabouts as bare as it must have been shortly after the deluge, in all things save human beings.

The chief leader of the Tory band was a young man of much talent and great personal beauty, named Brownson, who owned the Oak Tree, the land upon which it grew, and a neat little house about fifty rods distant. By foraging, he amassed in a few weeks a large sum of money, and the fact became as notorious as the Scriptures. He had a young and pretty wife, whose amiability and patriotism shielded him for a long time from any extreme demonstration of hatred; but the ravages his band made at length were carried to such an extravagant pitch, that a meeting of his wronged and oppressed neighbors was at last called to consider measures for the prevention of further imposition—the prompt punishment of the leaders of the Tories.

The committee reported that Brownson should be first taken in hand. His wife was to be spared—but they decided that he should be stripped of all earthly possessions, and that his dwelling should be given to the flames. Twenty strong men immediately armed themselves, and bent their steps towards Brownson's house. They halted beneath the Oak Tree and reconnoitered.

'Now,' said Lent, who had gone to the windows of the dwelling and inspected every part around, 'advance, every man. There is no one there but Brownson himself. We will call him out and demand his money.'

'We will leave the premises,' exclaimed Lent, as he watched the gaze of his astonished enemy, 'but that will be after we have taken your gold and burnt your nest of treason about your ears.'

shall all pay dearly for it! As for gold, I have none.'

'We'll search for it!' shouted Lent, as he rushed Brownson aside and rushed into the house, followed by his companions.

'We would do anything for you, madam; but your husband is a marked man, and must be punished. He has searched and robbed our houses—we will now pay him in his own coin.'

'No!' spoke one of the number—'No; you have gold. It is a pity that it should be melted in the flames which will consume your dwelling. Speak, then, and tell us where you have hoarded it.'

'I have spoken,' said Brownson, 'and I tell you again I have none.' 'Take him to a tree and hang him, if he does not tell,' cried Lent; 'and if he is obstinate, let him swing to death.'

Despite the screams of his wife, he was dragged to the tree, and preparations were at once made for putting the threat into execution. A rope was thrown over a limb, and one end placed in the hands of two stout men—the other end, fastened into a slip-knot noose, was placed about the doomed man's neck.

'Now, said Lent, as his companions formed a circle around the tree, 'open your stubborn mouth, and disclose the hiding place you have selected for your money of which every honest man here can claim a portion. You have fifteen minutes to decide. Remember! disclosure or death!'

'Perhaps we are wrong,' suggested one of the band. 'Wrong!' said another, 'nonsense! Do you suppose he would tell her what he had done with the plunder?'

'Once more, and for the last time,' said Lent, addressing Brownson, 'I ask you to disclose where you have secreted your money!'

'I am poor—' 'Go on, sir.' 'I am not of noble family.' 'Go on, sir.' 'I am unknown to the world.' 'No matter—proceed.'

'I am to Judge of that sir, what next?'

upon a musket which one of the men, attending upon the female, had left upon the ground. Quick as a flash of lightning he seized this weapon, and with the butt felled Lent to the ground. He then ran to his wife, raised her form easily as he could that of a child, and essayed to escape.

'Your request shall be fulfilled.' 'Enough! The gold you have staid us to gain is buried here; but you shall NEVER TOUCH ONE PIECE! Curse you all! Accur—' Two lifeless bodies lay bathed in blood, and the slaughterers gazed on them with mute horror.

'No dwelling was erected on the site of the burned tenement. The only punishment awarded Brownson's murderers was the agony of conscience—in those lawless times of war trifling infliction.'

Of the many interesting relics and fragments of antiquity which have been brought to light by the persevering researches of modern philosophy, none could have more interest to the philanthropist and the believer, than the one which we copy below.

From the Philadelphia Gazette. Death Warrant of Jesus Christ. The most interesting relics and fragments of antiquity which have been brought to light by the persevering researches of modern philosophy, none could have more interest to the philanthropist and the believer, than the one which we copy below.

'In the year seventeen of the emperor Tiberius Caesar and the 25th day of March, the city of the holy Jerusalem, Anna and Caiaphas being priests, sacrificators of the people of God, Pontius Pilate, Governor of Lower Galilee, sitting on the presidential chair of the Praetory, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves—the great and notorious evidence of the people saying—'

1. Jesus is a seducer. 2. He is seditious. 3. He is an enemy of the law. 4. He calls himself falsely the Son of God. 5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel. 6. He entered into the temple, followed by a multitude bearing palm branches in their hands.

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Howard for 2,890 francs. Its intrinsic value and interest are much greater. A few years ago there was found at Catskill, in New-York, a 'shekel of Israel,' of the time of our Saviour. On one side was the representation of a palm leaf, on the other, a picture of the temple, with the words underneath, 'Holy Jerusalem,' in the Hebrew tongue. Relics like these, properly authenticated, have about them an inexpressible sacredness and moment. They seem to blend two worlds, and to carry human curiosity from the finite to the infinite.

How he won her. We hope the moral of the following sketch will be productive of much good. Young men who are ambitious of success in the matrimonial line, should study well the grand secret. Our friend who furnishes the sketch says he sees no reason why it should not be true.

A young lady of eccentric character, but of rare mental endowments and extraordinary personal attractions, had five suitors equally assiduous in their attentions. Unable to decide upon which she would bestow her hand, she gave them notice to call upon her at a certain hour on a stated day, and each state his claims in presence of the others. At the appointed time the lovers arrived. Four of them were confident of success, but the fifth had a downcast look, and sighed when he looked upon the object of his devotion.

'Gentlemen,' said she, 'you have honored me with proposals of marriage. I have as yet, neither refused nor accepted any one of you. I now desire that each of you will state your claims to my hand, in order that I may know upon what grounds I may be justified in bestowing it.'

'I am poor—' 'Go on, sir.' 'I am not of noble family.' 'Go on, sir.' 'I am unknown to the world.' 'No matter—proceed.'

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PIECES OF ADVERTISING. 1 square 1 insertion, \$0 50. 1 do 2 do, 0 75. 1 do 3 do, 1 00. Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half column, \$12; three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$12; half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares, \$5; one square, \$3 50.

Need we extend our narrative! The disappointed gentlemen disappeared quite suddenly; and the lucky suitor was united to the object of his devotion; and in a few years, by his honesty and industry, became not only a distinguished, but a wealthy man, and was esteemed by all who knew him. Young men, he paid the printer!—Is there no moral in this?

Mrs. Caudle's Last Curtain Lecture. MRS. CAUDLE HAS TAKEN COLD; THE TRAGEDY OF THIN SHOES.—'I'm not going to contradict you Caudle; you may say what you like—but I think I ought to know my own feelings better than you. I don't wish to upbraid you, neither; I'm too ill for that; but it's my getting wet in thin shoes—oh, not it's my mind, Caudle, my mind that's killing me. Oh, yes! cruel indeed!—you think cruel will cure a woman of anything; and you know, too, how I hate it.—Cruel can't reach what I suffer; but, of course, nobody is ever ill but yourself. Well, I—I didn't mean to say that; but when you talk in that way about thin shoes, a woman says, of course, what she doesn't mean; she can't help it. You've always gone on about my shoes; when I think I'm the fittest judge of what becomes me best. I dare say;—'twould be all the same to you if I put on a ploughman's boots; but I'm not going to make a figure of my feet, I can tell you. I've never got cold with the shoes I've worn yet, and 'tisn't likely I should begin now.

No Caudle, I wouldn't wish to say anything to accuse you; no, goodness knows I wouldn't make you uncomfortable for the world,—but the cold I've got, I got ten years ago. I've never said anything about it—but it has never left me. Yes; ten years ago the day before yesterday. How can I recollect it? Oh, very well; women remember things you never think of; poor souls! they've good cause to do so. Ten years ago I was sitting up for you,—there now I'm not going to say anything to vex you, only do let me speak: ten years ago I was waiting for you, and I fell asleep, and the fire went out, and when I awoke I found I was sitting right in the draft of the key-hole. That was my death Caudle, though don't let that make you uneasy, love; for I don't think you meant to do it.

'It's all very well for you to call it nonsense; and to lay your ill-conduct upon my shoes. That's like a man, exactly! There never was a man yet that killed his wife, who could give a good reason for it. No; I don't mean to say that you've killed me; quite the reverse! still, there's never been a day that I haven't felt that key-hole. What! Why won't I have a doctor? What's the use of a doctor? Why should I put up to expense? Besides, I dare say you'll do very well without me, Caudle; yes, after a little time, you won't miss me much no man ever does.

'Peggy tells me Miss Prettyman called today. What of it? Nothing, of course. Yes; I know she heard I was ill, and that's why she came. A little indecent, I think, Mr. Caudle; she might wait: I shan't be in her way long; she may soon have the key of the caddy, now.'

'Alas,' was the reply, 'I yield to these gentlemen. They have the advantage of me in every respect.' And he took up his hat to leave.

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